THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 21, 1805.

EMMA BENVILLE.

A True Story.

[From Mrs. Crespigny's Letters to her Son, lately published.]

MR. ABBOTT was the only son of a baronet, whose ancient family and large fortune created in him a sense of dignity which his actions never disgraced, and who educated his son with such principles of honour, as he thought would secure him from ever committing a mean action, or behaving unworthy his situation and expectations; but he had not sufficiently adverted to that tie upon the actions of men, so necessary to establish true honour, and those principles which the world and its temptations can never totally subvert.

Mr. Abbott would have shrunk from falsifying his word to men: he detested inebriety; he abhorred gaming; he had humanity too; he was charitable, generous, and good-tempered; but Mr. Abbott, with all these merits, could act the part of a villain; he wanted those principles implanted by religion; by the belief of being in future to account for his actions, and which would have taught him to check the passions that reigned too powerfully in his disposition.

Near his father's seat in Devonshire there lived, among many of his tenants, a widow, a very worthy woman, whose husband had been purser to a ship: she had two daughters; the name of one was Emma:—her godmother, a friend to the family, was a lady of fortune, and had taken much notice of her. Indeed, the superior beauty of this young woman, interested all who saw her, and her disposition was equally captivating; she had

from time to time acquired more manners and accomplishments at her godmother's, than her situation would have entitled her to, or could otherwise have procured for her. Her daughter had taught Emma to sing, and Emma sung most delightfully:—At her godmother's also she acquired dancing, and Emma danced most charmingly; her heart was the most tender of human hearts; it was alive to every species of distress; and she was a proof that, with a strong inclination to do good, it does not require great riches in order to be charitable and useful. No man could see Emma with indifference:—Mr. Abbott saw her with the highest approbation and admiration; but it was some time before he could gain admittance to her house; at last, however, he did obtain it; the circumstance of the daughter of Emma's godmother being to pass a day with her, introduced him; and, once introduced, he easily contrived to make excuses for frequently going there. The worthy mother of Emma, ignorant of the world, and flattered by the seeming attachment of Mr. Abbott to her daughter, and with the highest opinion of her prudence, rather encouraged than checked his frequent visits.

Mr. Abbott was formed to please the nicest of the sex, and he spared no pains to gain the affections of the guileless, unsuspecting, Emma; believing him, in all respects, worthy to be loved, she, by degrees, became most fervently attached to him. Yet Emma had not the weakness so often attendant upon the excess of that passion; she would have shrunk from vice, and every idea of vice; and her conduct and behaviour to Mr. Abbott were still consistent with her principles.

Early in the autumn after they became acquainted, Sir James Abbott had business in London, where he and Lady Abbott went, but Mr. Abbott remained in the country under pretence of sporting. He had now much greater opportunity of being with Emma, for, while his family were in the country, he was obliged to be very cautious lest his visits to her should come to their knowledge, a circumstance he dreaded. Part of the winter passed away without Mr. Abbott's daring to disclose his wishes. He had at first led Emma to believe that his father and mother would give their consent to his marrying her, when they found that his happiness so entirely depended on it. He went twice to London; and, after his last return, told her that he found they must marry privately, for he had discovered his father and mother had other views for him, upon which at present they seemed fixed. "But," he added, "when we are married they will most certainly forgive us." Emma burst into tears, and said that nothing should prevail upon her to consent to the disgracing him; and, perhaps, bringing upon him the eternal displeasure of his parents.

At

At this time the mother of Emma was sent for to a sick sister, about twenty miles off; her elder daughter accompanied her, and poor Emma was left to the dangers of a tender heart, a strong attachment, and an artful man. After many refusals on her part, many arguments, and many tears on his, Mr. Abbott prevailed, by the artifice of obliging her to decide, whether she would determine to make him wretched for ever, or would consent to accompany him to London, where he assured her that he would immediately marry her. At first she refused to leave her home, and suffered him to go away, having, as she thought, gained a complete victory over herself; but, when she really believed him gone, repentance succeeded her delusive triumph; tears and regret followed; she never slept a moment during the night, and argued herself into a belief that she had done wrong in rejecting the man she adored: she questioned the justice of her late resolutions, and saw no real reason why a man of his fortune should not marry to make himself happy. She had been well educated, and her family were not so very mean, though doubtless inferior to his: thus, self-deluded, she became miserable past endurance, in consequence of the part she had acted.

At length she determined to see if he was indeed gone: it was possible, she thought, that he might not set off so very early; she put on her hat and cloak, then hesitated again; but at last bent her steps to Abbott Park; she passed and re-passed the lodge, and the last time, as she was close to the door, meaning to enquire, of a child she saw there, if a post-chaise had just left it.—Mr. Abbott appeared: he started; she was rivetted to the spot: "My Emma, my own Emma," he exclaimed, the joy of conquest sparkling in his eyes, while he flew to save her trembling limbs from falling to the ground.—"Oh!" she faintly said, you are not gone then, why? how?" "No," returned Mr. Abbott, "I was just upon the point of setting off, but was going to take one farewell look at the house, which contained every thing the most dear to me.—Oh! Emma, relent, and let us be happy, instead of so very miserable; do not be the cause, my Emma, of my being so very wretched." Poor Emma burst into tears, "Oh! Mr. Abbott, it would be so wrong, so very wrong, surely it would; how can I suffer myself to do what may involve you in your parents' everlasting displeasure?" He combated her arguments with too much art and success, and, in short, prevailed upon her to go with him to London.

When they arrived there, he procured lodgings in Bloomsbury, that part of the town being out of the way of his father.

Emma was far from happy; the step she had taken, though she conceived she could give a great many good reasons in its justification, sometimes arose to her mind in very dark colours;

but she was not sophist enough to foresee all its possible consequences; and she thought, and chose to think, that there could be no great harm in uniting herself to the man whom she so ardently loved, and who was far too worthy to be rendered unhappy by her means, and that too, for the sake of gratifying the wishes of his unreasonable parents. She had written to her mother, and obtained her forgiveness for the step she had taken: in fact, that good woman was delighted with the thoughts of her daughter's exaltation.

Mr. Abbott really loved her; he was possessed of merit, but too falsely proud to reconcile himself to the idea of marrying so far beneath him; not considering, that his vile designs, if executed, would degrade him far below the object of them. False principles actuated him, and, instead of exalting himself, by determining not to debase the woman he loved, but to struggle against his inclinations and conquer them, if they ought to be conquered; he basely resolved on pursuing a different conduct, and deliberately determined to be a villain.

Emma's faculties were almost absorbed in different attractions; Mr. Abbott was one of the most infatuating of mankind; he was constantly with her; the most tender and most respectful of lovers; frequently talked of their marriage, but found reasons for postponing it; she, the most innocent, but the most ignorant of beings, as to the ways of the world and its customs, had not the smallest distrust of Mr. Abbott; she implicitly confided in him.

The new scenes in which she was engaged excited her wonder and admiration; the houses, the carriages, the multitude of people, astonished her. It may be thought extraordinary, that she had not any scruple of going every where with Mr. Abbott; but it must be considered that she was perfectly unacquainted with etiquettes of every kind; she knew that her marriage was to be secret, believed it necessary for her residence to be kept so at present, and was easily led to believe whatever Mr. Abbott pleased.

Some weeks past, during which time Mr. Abbott had endeavoured to bring about his designs, but Emma had shewn the most determined propriety of conduct. One evening, after having been absent from her some days, and having greatly alarmed her, by an idea of his being ill, he unexpectedly returned:—her joy at seeing him was excessive, it overcame her, and she fainted away. Mr. Abbott immediately ran for a restorative, in which, to answer his villainous purpose, he infused a stupifying potion:—Emma swallowed it; and the poor, the virtuous Emma, fell a victim, an almost innocent victim, to libertinism and art. No words can describe her subsequent misery and remorse; her sufferings brought on a severe fever, which

lasted

lasted for many weeks, and it was several months before her mind acquired any degree of tranquillity.

Mr. Abbott was wretched; she refused to see him for a considerable time after her amendment; at last he gained admittance, and assured her that, as soon as she was recovered, they should be privately married: but Mr. Abbott had now other views; yet he was unhappy, and condemned himself; devoid, however, of all true principle, he suffered his pride to overcome his better judgement, and gave way to the wishes of his father, who had proposed an alliance with the daughter of the earl of Belmont: her fortune was very great, and the consequence of her family, flattered alike the pride of Sir James and his son; yet Mr. Abbott could not have submitted to the thoughts of giving up Emma, but he hoped to retain her; and, without having fully investigated his real feelings, or considered the possible consequences of his base conduct, he yielded to the solicitations of his family, and the over-ruling pride of his own heart.

(To be continued.)

On the National Character of the Dutch.

[Concluded from Page 813.]

AS a relaxation from their ordinary employment, they further indulge a fondness or attachment to concerns which have no connection with their business, but serve merely as amusement. Almost every affluent Dutchman has some such additional employment. One gratifies his taste by forming a collection of famous and valuable paintings (which costs him from 1000 to 8000 florins), engravings, or even newspapers; another in gardening, hot-beds, flowers; a third, in handsome furniture; a fourth, in horses famous for quick trotting (hard drawers), and superb carriages of various shapes and kinds; a fifth, finally, in a library of modern as well as ancient literature, the study of which he pursues with delight to his old age, or in a cabinet of natural history or medals. At present indeed politics are the universal amusement.

This necessity of relieving themselves from the dull uniform restraint of business, principally by setting their minds at ease, has produced that love of repose, which, passing from the higher classes, the merchants, to the other inhabitants, has spread itself over all orders, and contributed highly to blunt the faculties. The proverb "Too much of one thing is good for nothing" is here somewhat strongly illustrated in practise: but on the other hand it has produced solidity and perseverance in works of art, and profundity in works of learning; qualities which

which would be more valuable in the Hollander, if they did not appear too often in his amusements, and degenerate into frivolity.

But no one will accuse the Dutch of laziness, who has observed only during one week, more particularly in good times, the crowding and driving in the streets of Amsterdam, the universal diligence and industry in the counting-houses, warehouses, harbours, and on the docks. During the greater part of the day, from eight in the morning 'till seven in the evening, no one is unemployed, and there is nothing which strangers, who visit Amsterdam without business, "idle and inquisitive travellers," more complain of, than the want of persons to converse with. It is true, Dutch industry bears a different stamp from that of the southern nations; but is it right to deny to a people the possession of a quality, and impute to them the contrary, because it appears, among them, in a form differing from our's?

The Hague, like most seats of government, is least qualified to give travellers correct notions concerning the industry, and, above all, the character of the nation: especially since the court has left it, by whom the greater part of the inhabitants were supported. But the judicious traveller will form his judgment, not from the town which is accidentally the seat of government, but from the real metropolis of the country, the place where, from the mass of its population, the principal branches of national industry are brought beneath his immediate notice.

From this predilection for quiet, necessarily arises an inclination to continue their old customs, and adhere to their course of opinions. Hence, innovation in every department, in literature, and in science, in matters of business, and in political opinions concerning government, there make but a slow and late progress.

In no respect is this more apparent than in the religious opinions of the Dutch, who are now precisely at the point from which they set out two centuries ago, and where they were fixed by the synod of Dort. All their religious opinions are orthodox in the highest degree; all dogmas derived from the systems of the reformers, the Lutherans, Mennonites, and Remonstrants, are held in abhorrence, under the epithet of *Duitsch vergif* (German poison), because it is known they had mostly proceeded from German divines. The Lutherans at Amsterdam carried their zeal for immutable uniformity of doctrine so far, that differing about the existence of the devil, they separated into two churches, and even this schism awakened the spirit of party in a powerful degree. The Dutch Catholics are more bigoted than in some Catholic countries. A negligent observation of lent would endanger the reputation of a young catholic, just established in business, with those of his own sect; and, as their

riches give them power, might impede his prosperity. So that from the time of their Vondels and Vatts, polite literature has scarcely made any progress among them; these in poetry, Grotius in jurisprudence, and the dry annalist Wagenor in history, are still their great patterns. It is already known in what manner they have translated the Greek and Roman classics, and which, in spight of the examples of Hemsterhuis, Rhunkens, and Wyttenbachs, consist rather of a laborious attempt to acquire certain words, forms of expression, and sentences, than deeply to enter into the sense and spirit of the ancients, and accurately compress them together into one whole.

It was not so much a conviction of the want of national constitution, or of the truth of their political opinions, which, since the year 1789, has procured the French so many friends and partizans in Holland, as the hope, by the assistance of that nation, to crush the detested Orange party: And it was not in the least considered, that with that was necessarily connected the entire change of the political union, and the introduction of a new order of things, which might break the chains of their former habits. The Dutch had too high an opinion of the power and consequence of the republic, to reflect that the great republic, after its conquest, would retain a direct or indirect authority over its protected sister. During the contest of parties in France, the partiality of the Dutch patriots was unchanged, and their applause followed the victorious party whoever they were. When it became necessary, after the abolition of the stadtholder's authority, to new-model the constitution, then the attachment to this system shewed itself on all sides.

There are customs and forms which business indeed generally promotes, less attachment to which, and more boldness of speculation may be the cause why in Holland there are more examples of English, Germans, and French, who have settled there, gaining rapid fortunes, than of the native Hollanders. The rich Dutchman has inherited the greatest part of his fortune, and on that account strives with less difficulty to increase his patrimony, by the accustomed means.

With this inclination to preserve favourite customs, is connected a certain obstinacy and stubbornness which are found as well in individuals, and even in children, as in the national character. There are no people who adhere more pertinaciously to their first impressions of dislike or esteem than the Hollanders. Their cold blood runs too slowly to permit those hasty changes of sentiment, and that rapid adoption of every external impression which passes over them, for which more southern nations are indebted to their warm imaginations, their more susceptible and irritable senses, and to the inconstancy of their tempers. Even this coldness of temperament promotes constancy,

stancy, by preventing those passionate excesses of sensibility, which are so injurious to the amiable. What other nations effect by the strength of the passions and their constitutional energy, the Dutch are able to attain by the permanence of their feelings. And no other people, scarcely, could have maintained with such undaunted firmness their long struggle against their Spanish oppressors.

In the mean while, the Dutch are in this respect like all other persons of limited knowledge, and without principles; that what they fancy they know, what they have received upon credit as just and true, and through custom and habit have maintained; or what flatters their habitual and powerful feelings, are so deeply rooted in them, that the most cogent arguments cannot convince them to the contrary. On the other hand, on subjects which they do not profess to understand, where they are not governed by habit, custom, or fashion, and particularly where it respects propriety in their ordinary conduct; they easily and contentedly suffer themselves to be directed by others. With this limitation, what Riem, p. 373, says of the Dutch, may be perfectly true, that of all people they are the most tractable: but when it is considered, how few things they are which men do not believe they understand, and how few cases can occur in this country, over which custom and habit have not complete authority; this general docility sinks almost to nothing. Also in matters of sentiment, where the female sex is so much superior to our's, a Dutchman will more readily be guided by his wife; and slanderers even assert of many a one, that in the totally new character of a representative he has become only her echo.

Character of Louis XVI. and of the first Minister he selected.

By M. Marmontel.

I Am not writing the history of the revolution. *Quæ contentio divina et humana cuncta permiscuit, eoque vecordiæ processit, uti studiis civilibus bellum finem faceret.* (Sallust. *Jug.*) But, if the life of man be a journey, can I recount mine, without telling through what events, and by what torrents, what abysses, what wilds peopled by tigers and by serpents it has passed. For it is thus, that I retrace to myself our ten years of misfortunes, almost doubting whether it be not a violent and fatal dream.

This dreadful calamity will every where be decribed in traits of blood: the remembrance of it is but too indelible. But it has had causes whose nature cannot be sufficiently observed;

for the diseases of the political resemble those of the human body: to judge with probability what will be their term, or what would have been their preventative, it is necessary to recur to their source; and it is thus that by the light of the past we may brighten the future.

Although the situation of public affairs, and the fermentation of the public mind, in every branch of the state, had long appeared to threaten an approaching crisis, it is yet true that it only happened by the imprudence of those who persisted in thinking it impossible.

The nation, constantly faithful to its laws, to its kings, to its ancient constitution, content by instinct with the portion of liberty, of property, of prosperity, of glory, and of power which it enjoyed, did not cease to hope for some salutary amendment in the vices and errors of the ancient administration.

This hope had above all acquired fresh vigour on the accession of Louis XVI. to the crown. And indeed from that period, if the will of a young king full of rectitude and candour had been seconded as it ought to have been, all would have been repaired without any convulsion.

Lewis the Sixteenth, raised to the throne at the age of twenty, brought there a feeling very precious when moderate, and very dangerous when excessive, the distrust of his own powers. The vice of his education had been the very reverse of that which is usually imputed to the education of princes: he had been too much intimidated; and while his elder brother, the duke of Burgundy, was living, he had been taught to feel too sensibly, on the side of intellect, the superiority which that truly premature prince had over him.

The situation of the dauphin then, was the inquietude and perplexity of a mind that foresees its destiny and its duties, and dares not hope to be able to fulfil them, when he perceives himself suddenly charged with the government of an empire. His first feeling was alarm at finding himself king at twenty; his first impulse was to seek a man prudent and skilful enough to enlighten and to guide him. Such men are always rare; and to decide his choice, a choice then more difficult perhaps than ever, the young king took counsel of his family. Nothing could be more important, both to the state and to himself, than the advice that should result from this deliberation. It was to determine who should begin his political education, direct his views, and form his docile mind; and in him nature had disposed all to receive the impressions of virtue. A right understanding, a sound reason, a new, ingenuous, and feeling soul, no vice, no passion, a contempt for luxury and ostentation, a hatred for falsehood and flattery, a thirst for justice and truth; and, with a little roughness and severity in his character, that fund of rectitude and moral goodness which is the basis of virtue;

tue; in a word, a king of twenty, detached from himself, disposed to desire all that should be good and just; and around him a kingdom to regenerate in all its parts, the greatest good to do, and the greatest evils to repair; this it was that awaited the confidential minister whom Lewis the Sixteenth should choose for his guide. He took the count de Maurepas. (May, 1774.)

After having been in the ministry for thirty years, after a long exile, and a still longer disgrace, under the late king, for a very trivial fault, and for which the royal family had never been offended with him, Maurepas had acquired in his retreat that consideration which age gives, and which unremitted misfortune commands when sustained with decorum. His former ministry had only been marked by the decay of the navy; but as the timid policy of Cardinal Fleury had palsied that part of our forces, Maurepas might have been commanded to act as he did; and in a nominal place, dispensed with being a statesman, he had had nothing to display but his natural qualities, the inviting ease of a man of the world, and the talents of a courier.

Superficial, and incapable of any serious and profound application, but endowed with a facility of perception and intelligence that unravelled in an instant the most complicated business, he supplied in the council, by habit and dexterity, what he wanted in study and meditation. As inviting and gentle as his father was harsh and abrupt; with a supple, insinuating, and flexible mind, fertile in stratagem for attack, in address for defence, in subterfuge to illude, in shifts to divert, in witticisms to disconcert the serious by his pleasantry, in expedients to extricate himself from the nicest and most threatening difficulties; a keen and rapid eye to seize on the foibles or follies of men; an imperceptible art to entice them to his snare, or lead them to his end; an art, yet more formidable, of turning every thing into ridicule, even merit itself, when he wished to under-value it; in fine, the art of enlivening and simplifying the labours of the cabinet, made Maurepas the most seducing of ministers; and had it only been requisite to teach a young king to wield the sceptre lightly and adroitly, to make a mockery of men and things, and the duty of reigning an amusement, Maurepas would have been, without any comparison, the man they ought to have chosen. Perhaps the royal family had hoped that age and misfortune would have given to his character more solidity, consistence, and energy; but naturally feeble, indolent, and selfish; fond of ease and quiet; desirous that his age should be honoured, but tranquil; avoiding every thing that might sadden his suppers or disturb his slumber; scarcely believing in toilsome virtues, and looking on the pure love of the public good as dupery or idle boasting; little jealous of giving lustre to his ministry, and making the art of governing

governing consist in conducting every thing without noise, in consulting prudence rather than principle, Maurepas was in his age what he had been in his early years, an engaging man, occupied with himself, and a courteous minister.

A vigilant attention to preserve his ascendancy over the mind of the king, and his predominance in the council, made him easily jealous even of the choices he had himself made, and this anxiety was the only passion of his soul that had any activity. For all beside, he had no spring, no vigour, no courage, either for good or ill; it was weakness without benevolence, malice without venom, resentment without anger, indifference to all that should happen after him; he might perhaps be sincerely desirous of the public good, when he could effect it without risking his own quiet; but this desire was instantly cooled when he perceived it would compromise either his credit or his repose; such 'till the last moment was the aged minister who was chosen to guide and counsel the young king.

As it was easy for him to perceive that the basis of the character of this prince was frankness and benevolence, he first studied to appear to him benevolent and simple. The king did not disguise to him that excessive timidity which the first impressions of his childhood had left in him. He felt therefore that the surest way to captivate his good will was to render easy to him the duties at which he was alarmed. He employed the talent that he had of simplifying the business of the state in order to lighten for him its burden. But whether it be that he considered the inveterate evils as past all cure, or that his indolence and his levity had not permitted him to examine them, or that he neglected them as diseases arising from an excess of force and of health, or as vices of constitution inherent in the political body, he dispensed the young king with fatiguing his fancy about them, assuring him that all would go on well, provided all was prudently and moderately directed. The excuse of Cardinal Fleury, in his pusillanimous anxiety, was that an edifice which had lasted more than thirteen hundred years was necessarily bending towards its fall; and that, in propping it, great fears were to be entertained lest it should be shaken: the pretext of Maurepas, in his indolent security, was, on the contrary, that a kingdom so vigorously constituted, needed only its natural forces, in order to recover, and that it should be left to subsist with its abuses and its vices.

ANECDOTES *of the* TIGER.

IN 1693, when M. Bosman was on the coast of Guinea, several sheep kept at one of the forts had been destroyed by a tiger, which at length became so bold that he once made his appearance

pearance about three o'clock in the afternoon. Bosman perceived his approach, and accompanied by a gunner, two Englishmen, and two negroes, all armed with muskets, he pursued and overtook the animal, but not before he got into a small thicket of underwood, which they beset. The gunner entered the thicket, but in a few minutes came running out, almost frightened to death, and leaving behind him his hat and slippers. The tiger had bitten him, but, luckily for the poor fellow, the breaking down of some of the branches so much alarmed the animal as to make him retreat again. One of the Englishmen on this resolved to enter the wood with his musket, and, if possible, to dislodge the animal. The tiger suffered him to approach tolerably near, then sprang upon him with extreme fury, and would soon have torn him to pieces, had not his cries brought Bosman and the negroes to his assistance, who compelled the ferocious animal to quit his prey. The man, however, was so wounded, as to remain altogether senseless for some hours afterwards, and in consequence the men retired, and gave up the combat.

This same tiger was not, however, deterred from coming again in the course of a few days, and killing some more sheep, which induced Bosman to attempt another mode of destroying him. He made a sort of trap of strong pales, twelve feet long, and four broad, and fastened it to the ground, by placing on the top upwards of a thousand weight of stones. It had a double plank door, and in a small place in one corner were put two small hogs, so secured that the tiger could not possibly get at them. The door was set open, like that of a rat-trap. The stratagem succeeded so well, that three days afterwards the animal was caught. He did not, as it was expected, roar out on finding himself ensnared, but immediately set to work with his teeth in order to eat through the boards; and had not persons been stationed to watch the trap, he would have effected his escape in the course of half or three quarters of an hour, for he soon rent the inner from the outer door, and gnawed the pales through half their thickness. Bosman was called to the spot; and, to secure the animal, he put the muzzle of his gun, loaded with three balls, betwixt the pales. The furious beast eagerly catched at it with his mouth, and was killed by its single discharge.

Contrary to the received opinion, this traveller found that the tiger is not much afraid of fire: for in spite of the great fires that were kindled for the purpose of preventing the approach of the above-mentioned animal, he often came apparently fearless to the sheep-folds, and devoured his prey unrestrained by the light.

INSPECTOR,

INSPECTOR, No. IX.

To steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

THE female world has just reason to accuse me of inattention to them, and I must confess the charges that are brought against me by Sylvia, in the letter which I shall insert, are not without foundation. I can only plead in my defence, that when I requested the assistance of any of my friends, the fair sex was included; and that I intended soon to devote a paper wholly to them. Not that I think it necessary to interest myself about such little matters as their dress, &c. but as our happiness depends so much on this charming half of humankind, it appears a worthy employment to discover by what means our mutual comforts may be increased.

I was lately led into a deep meditation, as I was reading Adam's prophecy in the tenth book of Paradise Lost.

"Innumerable
Disturbances on earth thro' female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either,
He never shall find out fit fate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Thro' her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late,
Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock bound,
To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

The reader's imagination will readily picture the multitude of woes, which instantly appeared to verify our forefather's prediction, and (the fair will excuse me) I had almost joined in the charge, had I not recollected the angel's answer to Adam, when he says,

"I see the tenor of man's woe
Hold on the same, from woman to begin.
From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
(Said the angel) who should better hold his place,
By wisdom."

MR. INSPECTOR;

Though you are an old bachelor, yet a person in your situation, who pretends to take all mankind under his notice, should not be so indifferent as you appear towards the female part of society.

society. All your ancestors made us their particular care, and appropriated many of their papers to our entertainment and improvement. They even condescended to take into consideration various little articles of our dress, and advised us how to adorn our persons to the best advantage. But so far are you from endeavouring to please the females, that I don't recollect you have mentioned any thing about them, except slightly in your third number, and the disagreeable character you have given in your fifth. Now I can assure you, that your inspections would be more favourably received, were you to throw aside the austerity of a bachelor, and write upon such subjects as would engage our attention.

Your's, &c.

SYLVIA.

I shall from this time forward study to gain the favour of the sex; for though I am a stranger to the joys of wedded life, I am convinced that without this help-mate to smooth our rugged paths, we lose the greatest enjoyments, which this world can yield—those of domestic life.

The following letters present a scene too common, and productive of much misery.

MR. INSPECTOR,

As you wished to be acquainted with any kind of grievance, I have taken the liberty to lay before you one, for which I claim your protection and advice as much as any person. It is briefly this; I am married to a man who has not much employment, and instead of staying at home to converse with me, he is perpetually going out to find objects of amusement elsewhere. I threatened to inform you of him, in hopes that when he is made public he will be reclaimed.

I am your most obedient servant,

FRETFUL FREEMAN.

MR. ROGER,

My wife told me that she had written to you to complain of my conduct, and lest she has not given you a right understanding of the matter, I thought it best to inform you, that the reason of my not staying much at home, is, because, whenever I enter my house, I meet with such a reception from her tongue, and she is so continually harrassing of me when I am at home, that I am obliged to seek abroad for entertainment. Now you must know that I have a high relish for domestic enjoyments, and perhaps though you are not a husband, you will be able to form an idea of my anguish, when, instead of meeting, "gentle purpose, and endearing smiles," I am saluted either with

boisterous language or sullen frowns. Perhaps if you were to give us a discourse on this subject, it might make an alteration in her conduct, be of service to many others, make home the resort of love and happiness, and eternally oblige your's,

WM. FREEMAN.

MR. INSPECTOR,

I was a few days ago reading Homer, and it then newly struck me, that his descriptions of the gods ought to make us thankful for the much more sublime ideas we can form of the Almighty Being. He makes Jupiter say,

"Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the gods again."

How different are these from the words of David. "The word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth. He loveth righteousness and judgement; the earth is full of the goodnes of the Lord."

It may not be unpleasant to see a comparison of two similar passages in Homer and the sacred writings. "And the third day in the morning, there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp, trembled. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly." Exodus, 19 Ch. 16 and 18 v.

"Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecians' heads;
Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire:
The god in terrors, and the skies on fire."

ILIAD, B. 8.

I am your well-wisher,

J. C.

LONDON FASHIONS *for* OCTOBER.

A Dress of black crape over white sarsnet, the dress made very long, and trimmed and ornamented with black velvet and bugles; a tucker of the same, drawn over the bosom. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner, and ornamented with a tiara of black bugles. White gloves, shoes, and fan.

A

A walking dress of cambric muslin, made high on the neck with a collar, and long sleeves; the waist confined with a black velvet band and clasp. A turban hat of black chip. Black gloves and shoes.

HEAD DRESSES.—Hat of white or grey satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with a plume of black feathers. Cap of black crape, with a full vandyked border, ornamented with a black crape flower. A cap of black crape, with a lace border, turned up in front, with a black flower. Hat of grey satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with black flowers. A small round hat of white satin, with a roll of black crape round the edge; black flower in front. A large hat of grey satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with a large black feather. Hat of black crape. A gypsey hat of white chip, the crown covered with a black handkerchief, and tied under the chin. The hair dressed with a tiara of bugles.

REMARKS *on* BUGS.

IT is not certain whether bugs, or the cimex lectularius of Linnæus, were first brought into Europe from America, or into America from Europe. Many of the inhabitants of the new continent look upon them as indigenous there; and in proof of their being so, say that they have often been found under the wings of different species of bats, where they had eaten through the skin very deep into the flesh. It was believed that the bats got them in hollow trees, and had from thence brought them into the houses, since in these they commonly fix themselves close to the walls, and creep into any little chinks which they can find. It seems, however, very probable, that, on the contrary, bats may have taken them originally from the chinks in the houses where they have lodged, and not from the trees. Thus there seems about as much to be said on one side as the other, and the matter still remains in doubt.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Sporting clergyman, at a late coursing meeting in Wiltshire, produced a dog that beat the whole county. A nobleman, who had a great value for the sport, admired the dog much, and wished to have him. The clergyman observed this, and, hearing that his lordship had some church preferments in his gift, was not backward in displaying his dog.—"He runs well, indeed, said his lordship; "Yes," replied the parson, "he does; but I'll tell your lordship how it is: he is a hungry dog, and runs—*for a living.*" His lordship took the hint, and made the dog his own.

The OSTRICH.

AN ostrich that was kept in the Menagerie du Museum at Paris, devoured in its food stones, pieces of metal, and various other things equally indigestible. This animal was known to take at one time near a pound weight of stones, and pieces of copper and iron.

In the year 1801, a female ostrich, during two months, laid six eggs, three of which were without any shell. One of them, which was perfect, was as large as those laid by the animals in their native climates, was immediately weighed, and it was found equal to two pounds and fourteen ounces. Two of the eggs were cooked, and they were thought to be preferable in flavour to those of a poultry-hen.

PORTABLE PUMP.

AN ingenious mechanic, whose name is Van Marum, has lately constructed a small portable pump, which may be kept in every street or house, at a very inconsiderable expence. It is designed to overpower conflagrations on the instant, when a short delay would be fatal. It may be put into a closet or a corner, and will project, to the distance of forty feet, a column of water of a quarter of an inch diameter. This is sufficient to extinguish the fire which is spreading its destructive influence over one or two chambers, and will prevent all further communication of the flames. This machine has been tried successfully, in various situations, in London and its neighbourhood.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE old saying is, "No man is wise at all hours." Lord Orrery, the friend and biographer of Swift, is a striking instance of the truth of this proverb. His lordship, it seems, had such an unbounded love for the classics, that he bestowed classical appellations on the dumb parts of his houshold. Thus his dog bore the name of no less distinguished a personage than Cæsar. Cæsar, however, one day giving his lordship a most unclassical bite, the acute and witty companion of the dean of St. Patrick's seized a cane, and pursued him round the room with great solemnity, uttering, the while, this truly classical menace: "Cæsar! Cæsar! if I could catch thee, Cæsar, I would give thee as many wounds as Brutus gave thy name-sake in the capitol!"—But what man is a hero or a wit in his hour of domestic relaxation?

Answer, by Primrose, of Taunton, to E. R. Bickham's Rebus, inserted Aug. 12.

MAY the Almighty Power whose sovereign sway
Earth, air, and sky obsequiously obey,
Bid direful WARS, and dread contentions cease,
And bless the world with universal peace!

☞ We have received similar answers from T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; J. Collingwood, jun. of St. Dominick; and P. Codd, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by T. Gill, Officer of Excise near Wells, to W. H. Nottle's Enigma, inserted August 19.

FRIEND Nottle, for a bottle, without more enquiry,
You copied your CRADLE* from the Ladies Diary.

☞ Similar answers have been received from E. Mallard, of Plymouth; and R. Holwell, of Exeter.

* Taken verbatim from the Ladies Diary for 1795.

Answer, by R. Holwell, of Exeter, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted August 19.

AT races view the rich and debonnair
To see who wins and clears the SWEEPSTAKES fair.

☞ We have received the like answer from William Commins, of Exeter; Adrianus; H. Pratt, of Luppitt; P. Codd, of Dean Prior; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; F. Symes, of Bristol; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; and W. Pollard, of Egloshayle.

An ENIGMA.

I Am an eye that never had sight,
When alive I am buried, when dead brought to light;
I belong to a man that's a very great whore;
Am admir'd by the rich, not so much by the poor.

A CHARADE, *by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth.*

BEHOLD the rustic, with a heedless hand,
Bestrews my first over the furrow'd land;
Ere Phœbus bright shoots forth his radiant ray,
My tuneful second hails the dawning day:
O lovely whole! thy beauties now unfold,
Which all confess can vie with polish'd gold.

A REBUS, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

IMPRIMIS, bards, a beast explore,
That traverses Britannia's shore;
My next that country you'll obtain
Where Bonaparte had many slain;
A beauteous flower of Flora's tribe;
A modern poet next describe;
An English city next expound;
And lastly, join a market town:
A burning mountain will be found.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WILLIAM AND SALLY.

YOUNG William, the fisherman, liv'd in a village,
Hard by the sea-side, in a neat little cot;
But tho' humble his station, and lowly his dwelling,
Still peace and contentment were ever his lot.
Regardless of riches, he had for his portion
A tight little boat, neatly trimm'd for the sea;
In which he would frequently toil on the ocean,
Both pleasant and chearful—for happy was he.

Not far from his cottage liv'd blithsome young Sally,
Belov'd and admir'd by each neighbouring swain;
Who often had strove to win her affections,
But all their endeavours were fruitless and vain,;
For William, who ever had lov'd her most dearly,
Alone had obtained a place in her heart;
And oft had they promis'd—and promis'd sincerely,
They never henceforth from each other would part.

Thus far were they blest in each honest endeavour,
And brightly their prospect of happiness shone;
For procur'd was the pledge to unite them together,
And fix'd was the day that would make them as one.
But ah! luckless morn! Lo! he quits his soft pillow,
And launches his boat from the ill-fated shore;
When the storms soon arise, and a merciless billow
Oe'rwhelms him! He sinks, and is never seen more!

Thus perish'd the swain! so the fates had ordain'd it,
(How transient, alas! is our happiness here!)
And she only survives him in sadness and sorrow,
To sigh, and to shed the disconsolate tear.
For often, when moon-light illumes the lone valley,
And the gay and unthinking lie bury'd in sleep,
On the sea-beaten shore wanders hapless young Sally,
And mourns for her William who lies in the deep!

Malborough, 1805. T. JARVIS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The WOODMAN *to his* DOG.

COME gay companion of my youth,
Come faithful Tray, and go with me;
The sun emits his glory forth,
And bids me to my labour hie:
Then haste away, quick run before,
Along the dewy meadows gay,
We'll merry pass the barren moor,
And joyful hail the blooming day.

My canvas wallet now I'll 'don,
My hatchet in my belt I'll sling,

And as we cheerful pass along,
The rising larks will sweetly sing.
Then come, my dog, make no delay,
But scamper o'er the well-known ground;
Hark! chanticleer proclaims the day,
And whistling blackbirds chaunt around,

Then, when the close of day shall come,
And Sol sinks in the purpled west,
I'll leave my labour, haste me home,
And then enjoy a peaceful rest.
But thou art ready, let's away,
The sun full o'er the hill is seen,
And chides us while we lingering stay—
Then haste away across the green.

September 3, 1805. J. PASCAL.

The MILLENIUM.

THE groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world, and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
For he whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy, shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, pav'd with love:
And what his storms have blasted and defac'd
For man's revolt—shall with a smile repair!

The HAPPY MAN.

HE is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doom'd to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to chuse,
Would make his fate his choice—whom peace the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness, bespeak him one
Content indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home!
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view,
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Tho' more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd!